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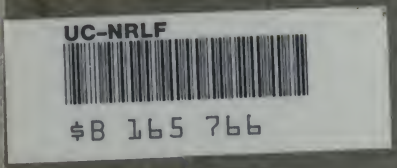

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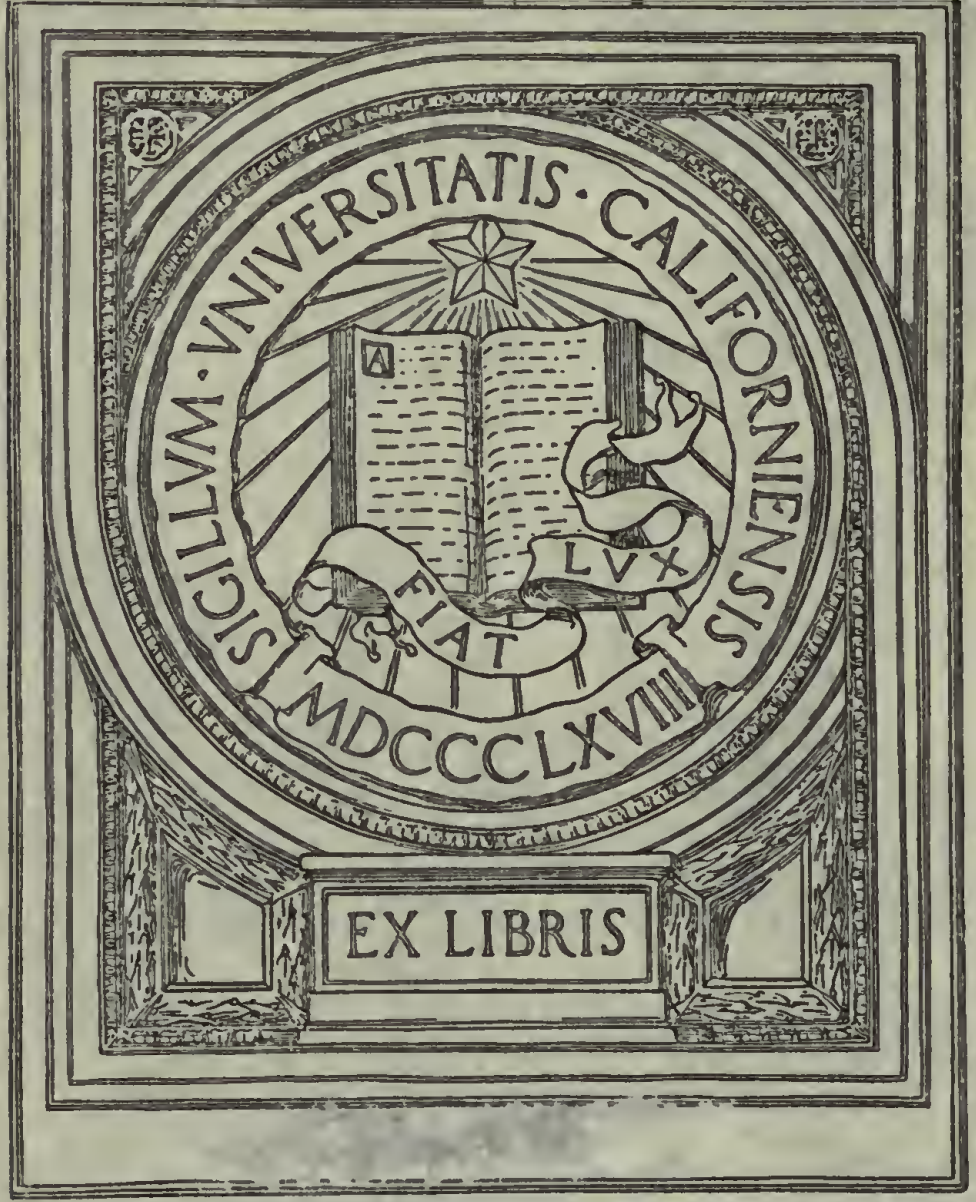

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Eugene Field

Little Willie

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[Torch Press]
[1895]

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LITTLE WILLIE

HEN Willie was a little boy,
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly he did annoy
His mother with his tricks.
Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said,
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.

LOSELY he cuddled up to me,
And put his hands in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabean odors clogged the air,
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.

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IS many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bed-clothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful like;
God bless his curly head;
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.

H me, those happy days have flown,
My boy's a father too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I! Ah, all that's left for me
Is dreams of pleasures fled;
Our boys ain't what they used to be
When Willie wet the bed.

AD I my choice, no shapely dame
Should share my couch with me,
No amorous jade of tarnished fame;
Nor wench of high degree;
But I should choose and choose again
The little curly head
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed.

—Eugene Field.

October 19, 1895.

Field said his wife took the boy away on a visit, and he found, in their absence, he couldn't sleep till he got up and poured hot water on his shirt.

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